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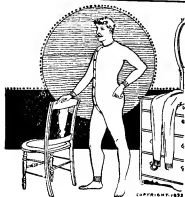
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THE STUDENTS' DAY OF REST.

AT a time when examinations are hanging threaten-
ingly over our heads, and every power not only
of mind but also of body is being tried to its
utmost in the attempt to be adequately prepared for
them, we are often tempted to forget that there is
such a thing as a student's day of rest. The quiet
hours of the Sabbath, so favorable to concentrated
study, seems a long time to "lose" to men who are
straining every nerve to escape the dread fate of
being plucked. And so numbers of Church pews
are left vacant these beautiful Sunday mornings of
early spring, and men who would not think of en-
gaging in manual labour on the Sabbath, and some
even who are yet to be the spiritual guides of the
public, are engaged in their every day work of
studying.

We do not assume the duty of preaching a ser-
mon on this subject, but leave that to those to whom
the right belongs. But we do believe it is right to
call the students' attention to it. It is worth their
consideration from the stand-point of utility. No
ordinary student can hear the strain of twelve or
thirteen or even more hours of daily study for seven
days in the week and benefit by it. Instead of be-
ginning each week refreshed and alert, he proceeds

in a wearisome round until he is jaded in mind and
body, and unfit to do any effective work. So far as
the results of examinations are concerned he loses
instead of gaining. After a few weeks of such work
he is not in a fit condition to make the best use of
his faculties.

But there is a higher motive than the mere loss
and gain in examinations. There is no person who
thus disregards what his own conscience and that
of the general body of the community declares is
right, without destroying his own respect and that
of his fellow-students for his moral and religious in-
tegrity. There are men in college now in other
ways well qualified to be strong forces for good in
college life, whose moral and spiritual influence has
become almost non-existent among their fellow-
students owing to the fact that they spend their Sab-
baths at their usual college studies. Perhaps still
more injurious is the blunting of their own moral
sense, the stifling of the remonstrances of con-
science. The material gain, if there ever is any, is
far more than counter-balanced by the moral loss.

THE LIBRARY.

There are few universities in which the library is
so generally used by the students as in Queen's;
and it is, therefore, with great satisfaction that we
learn that the authorities have determined to make
it more generally available by appointing a com-
petent assistant librarian to serve in it for six hours
a day all the year round. Thereafter, no one—tutor
or professor—will be permitted to take a book except
through that assistant librarian; and it is hoped
that under this rule no books shall be lost, as, un-
fortunately, they have been under former regimes.

The value of a good library, with its treasures
easily accessible to students, it is impossible to over-
estimate. Carlyle considered that the best univer-
sity was the best library. Dr. Bernhard Duben, in
an address given at the dedication of the new
library of Basle University, eighteen months ago,
expounded this thought in a striking address on
"The origin of the Old Testament," a book which
he spoke of as "the smallest of libraries," which
"can be carried in one hand, although when it was

put together it contained a dozen volumes and embraced the productions of a hundred authors." "With good right," he says, "do we connect the dedication of the new home prepared for our library with our university festival, since it is the library primarily which makes of our university an actual *universitas litterarum*. It is the camp of our confederacy, in which are assembled the elect spirits of all civilized peoples, not merely in order to impart to us the finished products of their work, but also—what is of more importance—inspiration and living force for our own effort. We see in it not a collection of dead materials of learning; it avails for us as the mirror of human development, as an incarnation of the spiritual part of the world's history."

It seems to us that we do not derive from our library all the benefit that we legitimately might; and we hail the appointment of the assistant librarian, thoroughly acquainted with its contents, familiar with various languages, and a sworn enemy to disorder and dust, as an important step in advance. Of course, it is not all that is needed. We shall not get the full benefit of the library and therefore not of the university until the vision is realized which the Principal placed in words before the eyes of the ladies of Kingston, when they undertook to raise \$3,000 for the gymnasium and workshops. "This," he said in substance, "is the first appeal which I have ever made to you; it is for a very small amount, so small in comparison with far greater needs that I am ashamed to put it before you. Of these greater needs is a properly constructed library, facing Union Street as the present building faces the water, so that the two beautiful stone buildings would enclose and in a manner hide the intermediate smaller wooden buildings. The cost of such a building would be about \$60,000; and I cannot think of it till this little affair is off my hands. When you relieve me of the responsibility for this \$3,000 I will tackle the \$60,000 job, but not till then."

The ladies took up the burden placed before them in November, 1896, about the time when Duben spoke at the dedication of the Basle library; but it looks as if they had found it too heavy. About half of the amount was raised by Herculean efforts, extending over the whole of last session. A trifle more was obtained by means of the Art Lectures this session. When will the second half be raised? The Principal is not likely to hurry them up, for when their labour is ended his will begin.

Statistics from sixty-seven colleges, in thirty-seven States, show that foot-ball men stand one-half per cent. higher in their studies than the average of the whole college.

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CROWN JEWELS.

IF a jewel is "anything of exceeding value or excellence," and of small dimensions, then the crown colony of Hong Kong, or *Hiang Kiang* ("sweet waters"), may well be called one of Her Majesty's crown jewels.

Early on Sunday morning, April 25th, 1897, the word went over the good ship "Hohenzollern" that we were entering Hong Kong harbor. It takes something extraordinary to get passengers out of their bunks by six in the morning, but on this particular morning those of us, at least, who were to get our first glimpse of China needed but little calling to be on deck by that hour.

The fog soon lifted, and the island of Hong Kong, as well as the mainland and the numerous islets that stud the harbor, was in full view. What a surprise it all was! Both islands and mainland were barren and uninviting beyond description. We began to understand the shroud of dust that had for several days enwrapped the ship, penetrating into every cabin, and leaving the marks of a careless house-wife on every piece of varnished woodwork. When the purser first said that that fog was dust, we laughed the story to scorn. He was only a landsman anyway, and didn't know any better. When the first officer corroborated it, we had more respect for the remark, and began to look up charts to see how many hundred miles we were from China. When the "fog" began to rub off on our hands, we were ready to apologize to the purser. We were learning what dried-up desert tracts of land are to be found even in the Flowery Kingdom.

We had left the shores and mountains of Japan mantled in the deep rich green of springtime, a wealth of emerald the like of which would not again greet us, even on the coasts of Italy or Spain, till we reached the southern shores of "merrie England." Hong Kong island and the peninsula of Kowloon showed scarce any traces of cultivation. The red barrenness of the shores and steep hill-sides was in striking contrast with the beauty of the harbor, one of the finest and loveliest natural harbors in the world. The straits that separate the peninsula from the northern shore of the island are only a half mile wide on the east, where we entered, but expand greatly toward the west, and the harbor is fully ten square miles in extent.

CHARACTERISTIC.

But more interesting to us than any natural features of the island of Hong Kong and its roadside would be the men and women we should see there, and our glasses were soon turned searchingly along the shore-line and up the hill-sides for some signs of life. Very soon we spied a couple of figures moving smoothly and rapidly along near the water's

edge, and suddenly some one exclaimed, "Why, they are bicycles!"

Yes, bicycles, and Englishmen (or, perhaps, Scotchmen) on bicycles! There they were, in their pith helmets and clean, cool suits of white, five or six miles out of town at six a.m., enjoying a pleasant morning ride before the thermometer climbed up to ninety in the shade as it very soon did on that April morning. We knew that in the ports of Japan, and in Shanghai, Chefoo, etc., it is the British citizen and his wife and sisters and daughters that keep up the tennis and golf and cricket clubs, that climb mountains, and tramp, and sail, just as at home, but we hardly expected the same thing further south. Yet there it was. Numerous bicycles even in hilly Hong Kong! Sunday morning, in the Union church, men and women, alike in white and armed with fans, and sitting under or near huge, slow-moving punkahs, sought in vain a cool retreat; but Monday afternoon, just as hot, found the same people filling half a dozen courts on the city green, engrossed in that eminently restful game, tennis.

In Singapore, where the British governor and his perspiring fellow-citizen sit practically astride of the equator, where the thermometer would deem itself getting very slack in its duty if it dropped below eighty-five degrees even on Christmas Day, we found that football is played by the British residents nearly every day in the year. We became acquainted with the football captain. He went about almost perpetually with little beads of perspiration standing out on his face, giving him the appearance of being badly pock-marked, but he had played football in Singapore for seventeen years, and was still a strong, healthy specimen.

The fact is, our fellow-citizen in those lands, with that seeming contempt for climatic conditions that has led the Moor to say proverbially, "None but a fool or an Englishman crosses the square at mid-day," rides, climbs, wheels, plays football, etc., and remains the healthiest foreigner there, while the German or Hollander drinks beer or schnapps and grows fat, and the Frenchman rides in his carriage or "chair" and withers.

HONG KONG'S GREATNESS.

And is this not part of the secret of the amazing transformation that has occurred in Hong Kong since it first came into British hands in 1841? The little island of 29 square miles then supported a population of 5,000. To-day it has 250,000, of whom only about 4 or 5% are Europeans, the rest being Chinese. On the east end of the island we passed a single sugar refinery that employs over 2,000 hands, half the entire population of fifty years ago. Rope and other shipping stores, besides sugar, are the chief manufactures of the island. But the greatness of Hong

Kong lies not in its manufactures, but in its position as a shipping centre. It is in regular steam communication with Canada, the United States, and all parts of Europe, as well as with Japan, India and Australia. Its imports average about \$100,000,000 annually, and the value of its exports is about 10 or 15% greater. The Chinese trade in tea and silk is almost entirely in the hands of Hong Kong merchants. Besides these principal objects of commerce, there is an immense trade in sugar, flour, cotton, iron, hemp, salt, woollens, etc., not to mention the traffic in Chinese coolies. Probably as many as 150,000 coolies pass through Hong Kong each year, either going abroad or returning home.

THE CITY.

The beauty of the city of Victoria, the capital of the island, is enhanced by the burnt-looking rocks that surround it. But Victoria would be a lovely city anywhere. After our years among the flimsy wooden structures of the Japanese, we were delighted, first of all, with the *solid* aspect of Victoria, its houses of stone, its artistic bridges and monuments, and its fine pavements of stone or cement. The wonderful luxuriance of the gardens (always remembering those desolate hills), the fine shade trees, the public gardens with their rich tropical plants, the cleanliness and beauty and homeliness everywhere make Hong Kong an amazing tribute to the enterprise and energy and colonizing ability of the British race.

GREATER BRITAIN.

I have spoken of a couple of English or Scotch bicyclists as the first inhabitants of Hong Kong brought into range by our glasses. The next were a company of Sikh soldiers, likewise some miles out of the city. The eastern entrance to the harbor appeared strongly fortified, and a Hong Kong resident who was with us pointed proudly to a 37-ton gun and other pets of that sort on either side of the straits. Once ashore, we saw much to remind us of our British citizenship and rouse our British pride. The ship tied up on the Kowloon side, and we crossed the harbor by ferry several times each day we were there, passing each time through a British squadron of seven or eight ships, besides hospital and receiving ships. There is a large naval dockyard at Kowloon.

The tall, turhanned Sikh was everywhere, either as soldier or policeman, and at every street corner we ran across Tommy Atkins and his blue-coated brother in arms. From Hong Kong south Jack discards his blue and adopts the fashionable white, while Tommy appears no longer in his senseless red, but in a dull yellow of very light material that suits the climate better. It was a Scotch M.P. who made the famous bull in the House of Commons:

"You may depend upon it, Sir, the pale face of the British soldier is the back-bone of the Indian army." We saw at Hong Kong many of the British pale-faces as well as many warriors of darker hue, also loyally British. If the British pale-face is the back-bone, the tall and dignified Sikh and the active, fearless little Gurkha are the strong limbs of that army, and no less essential and valuable, as has been proved in the recent operations on the N.W. frontier.

HONG KONG AT NIGHT.

There are two pictures which can never fade from the memory of the traveller who has spent even the shortest time at Hong Kong. One of these is Hong Kong at night, viewed from the mainland, across the harbor. By the way, an area of 2½ miles on the extremity of the peninsula of Kowloon was ceded to Great Britain in 1861 to make room for the growth of the colony. A considerable portion of the garrison is stationed there, and Kowloon is rapidly filling up also with warehouses, offices and residences. The city of Victoria looked like fairyland when viewed from our ship on the Kowloon side. The island rises abruptly from the sea, and the city is built on the slopes and terraces of the hills, the latter being so steep that there is no horse or jinrikisha traffic on the side streets running up from the water. You must walk or else stand the expense of a "chair," slung between two poles, carried by either two or four men, according to your purse. The homes or summer villas of the wealthier residents dot the hill-side all the way up to the summit or Peak, 1,600 feet above the sea. The gas and electric lights of those villas and of the hotels on the Peak, added to the myriad lights of the city proper, give an effect beautiful and fascinating beyond description. It keeps you puzzling over the question, where do the lights cease and the stars begin?

The other picture is that seen from the Peak itself. A tram-way carries you, at an angle of—I'm afraid to say how many degrees—nearly to the top. It is an alarming ride. From the Peak it is possible to take in almost the whole island. The view extends far out on the Pacific over the dozens of little islands that surround Hong Kong. Then right at your feet lie the city and the magnificent harbor with its scores of ships from every part of the globe. You will be loth to leave the Peak, and will probably conclude that you have never in your life seen a view of such varied and entrancing character.

ONLY MAN IS VILE.

The second night in Hong Kong we went over to the city and up to the main thoroughfare, Queen's Road, and as soon as possible got out of the European into its more Chinese portion. The streets

were crowded, principally with Chinese men, of course, though here and there we met a Chinese woman or two, or a couple of Europeans engaged, like ourselves, in sight-seeing. There were English sailors and soldiers in abundance, and most of them intent on no good either. The end of the city in which we soon found ourselves contains many dance halls and low drinking establishments where degrading scenes are nightly enacted in full view of the gaping Chinese populace. We realized vividly that we were indeed

"East of Suez,
Where the best is like the worst,
Where there ain't no Ten Commandments,
And a man can raise a thirst."

In those purlieus of vice and crime the Queen's brave defenders are seen under circumstances not calculated to make you feel proud of your nation.

But taken all in all, Hong Kong impresses you well. With patriotic thrills you enter the bay and step ashore, and traverse the little island, and the same sensations attend you as you sail out into the China sea again. Even prickly heat and a generally parboiled condition for a month fail to entirely rob you of these sensations as you visit Singapore, Colombo, Aden and other dependencies of the tight little island on your way around to the Mediterranean and Europe.

J.G.D.

ÆSCHYLUS AS A PREACHER OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

The following paper was repeated by Prof. McNaughton to the Classical and Philological Society, and published at their request:—

I had to choose a subject to speak to you upon which should fulfil two conditions. In the first place, it had to be connected with my own work, that I might not seem to be rashly intruding on other people's ground, and then it had to have some connection with yours, gentlemen of the Divinity Hall, so that it might not be altogether inappropriate to the formal opening of the Theological Classes for the winter. When I tell you that I am going to give some account of Æschylus as a Greek Preacher of Righteousness, you will probably admit that both conditions are complied with. For to speak about anything Greek is not only comparatively agreeable to me, but quite within my legal rights, and to you who are to become Preachers of Righteousness yourselves, as well as patterns of it, I hope, it cannot be altogether uninteresting or unprofitable to hear about one of your very greatest predecessors. And in some respects the interest at least should be heightened, rather than diminished, by the wide difference in all externals between the conditions of your future ministry and those in which this old Greek Preacher lived and

worked. It is always one of the greatest pleasures to trace the fundamental identity which often underlies things the most diverse in appearance. And I hope to leave you with the impression that the truths enforced by this ancient pagan poet whose pulpit was a stage; enforced with a clearness of insight and a firm grasp of faith surpassed only in the Prophets of Israel, no less than with a power of vitally embodying his teaching in organic works of magnificent proportion and splendid symmetry not found in Israel, are still after all among the greatest of those eternal truths which, in whatever variety of dialect and outward form, it is the permanent function of the preacher to impress upon the minds and consciences of men.

Some years ago it would have been necessary before venturing to address Divinity Students on a subject involving a respectful treatment of religious ideas which come before us, neither in Jewish nor in Christian dress, to have begun with an elaborate justification and apology. Strange views were held then, as deservedly extinct now among all intelligent people as the Bourignian Heresy, about the Providential dealings of God with heathen people. It was thought that when Israel was fed with marrow and with fat, all other nations was left to spiritual famine. But you see those people lived, and therefore they could not have quite starved. It may have been there was a great deal of sand in their bread, but it was not all sand. If it had been their spiritual nature would have died utterly. The many admirable signs of vitality they showed, the civic virtue, the self-devotion, the profound thoughts, the peerless works of art which we find outside of Palestine prove at once to us that not among the Jews only there were living souls. For we may be sure that in all the higher activities of man God is working, and whatever is pure and lovely and of good report comes from him alone. He has revealed Himself in many ways and in diverse tongues; to the Jews chiefly as holiness, to the Greeks chiefly as beauty, in Christ as self-sacrificing love, which includes all. It is a profoundly irreligious view of ancient history which is blind to the not mere negative but positive paving of the way for a final and complete revelation everywhere going on, and deaf to the prophecies of Him that should come expressed in the upward strivings of the human spirit in every land. He came not to destroy but to fulfil, for Pagan as well as Jew—to bequeath to the world a flexible spirit which should gather round itself and inform with life the whole heritage of the long ages of partial developments; and speak one universal gospel to every race of men in their own tongue. The outward form in which this spirit embodies itself changes from age to age.

Even now the world is in travail that it may be clothed upon anew. But as Greece had a large share in providing the vestures of the past, the element of beauty and reason, which is her name, will have a yet larger share in weaving the vestures of the future.

But all this is common-place. I need not tell you to beware of that acrid pietism which sours the milk of human kindness and prevents men from taking to their hearts whatever is great or good outside their own infinitesimal sect. You know that a man has to be saved not only from sins that Sunday School children are warned against, but from intellectual imbecility and narrowness of head and heart. One has to put off the old man—yes, and the old woman. I am sure not one of you means to go into the pulpit as the spokesman of the gaocracy, or to secure a contemptible and partial success by offering rancid incense to popular ignorance and hatred and prejudice. And so I proceed with an easy mind to give you as sympathetic an account as I can of the religious atmosphere in which the great and pious spirit of Aeschylus was nourished.

The Greek Polytheism may be described as personification run riot—The impartial apotheosis of every aspect of nature and every impulse of humanity. The earth and heaven were populous to the Greek imagination with Gods and daemons invested with all the attributes of humanity. Every forest, fountain, river and mountain had its presiding genius divine or half-divine. Each clan had its progenitor, the worship of whom bound the members of the clan together. Each city had its presiding God whose sacrifices were the visible symbol of the unity of the state. The chief agency in keeping alive among the widely scattered race a consciousness of national brotherhood was the common worship of Zeus at Olympia and of Apollo at Delphi. Their religion penetrated everywhere. The Gods were indissolubly associated with every important detail in their whole scheme of public and private life. In the main regarded as the guardians of right and punishers of wickedness, the ethical element in their conception had only partially disengaged itself from the naturalistic basis in which we are probably to seek for their origin.

Such a religion through the flexible impartiality with which it followed the whole many-coloured play of nature and human life was peculiarly fitted to develop poetry and art. Doubtless the artistic temperament was active in its genesis, and afterwards vigorously stimulated by it. Nor was it poor in elements of nourishment for the pious spirit, who, with the sweet tact which belongs to the pure of heart, knew how to select and assimilate from its mixed elements all that was most gracious and

beautiful. It was no small spiritual gain to have all the scenes of daily life lifted into the ideal and penetrated with divining significance as they were to the pious citizen of a Greek town. But this system which, in the early stage of the young life of Hellas, proved so kindly a mother to the nation's budding thought was incapable of keeping pace with the expansion of its precocious nursing. It suffered disruption from the force it had nourished, like a flower pot in which an oak has been planted, or like its own God Kronos dethroned by his son Zeus. Zeus in his turn begat the God Elenchos—scientific investigation, and was dethroned by him. When Anaxagoras speculated on the size and composition of the great God Helios, and added insult to injury by making him out to be a red-hot stone about twice the size of Peloponnesus the days of the old Gods were clearly numbered. Even more fatal to them was the growing moral sensitiveness of the best men, and the conviction which gained ground more and more that they were no worthy representatives of the divine idea. When Heraclitus jeered at the worship of idols as being no less foolish than talking to a house, and Xenophanes declared that if the lower animals could paint and carve, cows and pigs and goats would fashion their gods after their own kind just as men do, the most disintegrating force that can be brought to bear upon an outworn creed, was active—the force of a wise man's ridicule.

But the Greek Polytheism was not suffered to pass away until the whole harvest of beauty and good that was in it had been gathered for the world. The issue of the Persian wars was a great triumph for the Gods of Greece, especially for Zeus, father of all Hellenes, and Athene Promachos, Champion of Greece and patroness of Athens. Every pious Greek saw in Marathon and Salamis a proof of the power and justice of his Gods no less indubitable and awe-inspiring than Cromwell did in his crowning mercies of Worcester and Dunbar. Above all in the city which had suffered and dared so heroically, in Athens, the Saviour under God of Greece and of western civilization in the hour when the destinies of the human spirit trembled in the balance, the plenitude of strong life rooted in pious faith which had so splendidly manifested itself in war, turned now to the task no less nobly fulfilled in peace of commemorating in works of imperishable beauty her gratitude to the Gods.

At a bound she springs into greatness on every side, like her own shining goddess full-armed and beautiful from the forehead of Zeus. To-day she is lying a charred heap of ruins sacked by the routing Persians; to-morrow, as it were, she rises in her queenly loveliness, the desire of the eyes of all nations. She breaks forth into all flowers and fruitage

of the human spirit like a tree in the rapid spring of some northern clime, one day black with frost, the next a leafy quire in which sweet birds sing. She touches everything, and there is nothing she touches but she adorns. Her generals, statesmen, artists, historians, philosophers and poets become models for all after-times—even now they shine upon us like a constellation of many-coloured stars, each of the first magnitude. Cimon, Pericles, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Polygnots, Phidias, Thucydides, Anaxagoras, Sokrates, each a first-rate name, rub shoulders in the street of the same town, and have very likely all eaten and drunk together. It is the brief, but endless flowering time of the Greek spirit in poetry, in art and action, and in religion as the root of all. The unique greatness and significance of that wonderful period is just this—that then, more than anywhere before or since, religion, thought and art were bound together as they should always be, in one strong and gracious unity. Pericles, though a philosopher as well as an orator, a statesman and a general, might often be seen offering sacrifice in public, and never engaged in any important undertaking without prayer. Polygnots, the painter, adorned the halls of the Reception Room at Delphi with pictures of profound religious significance. The statue of the Olympian Zeus by Phidias, a gigantic seated figure forty feet high, in ivory and gold, was so striking a realization of calm and majesty that centuries after it had been to all Greeks a genuine revelation of God, Paulus Aemilius, the Roman conqueror, shuddered when he set eyes upon it, and declared that he, a mortal man, had seen the Godhead face to face. The poems of Aeschylus and Sophocles are pervaded by an intense reality of religious feeling which is not found so pure, in any artistically excellent poetry in the world except the Hebrew psalms and prophets, and perhaps in Dante and Milton. These men, with Pindar, the Theban poet, were the last and fairest glory of Polytheism. They fulfilled that vitally important function in changeful times of mediators between the past and the future—standing between the living and the dead. They were all devout believers in the gods of their country and age. They disengaged from the popular religion and presented in comparatively pure form all that was spiritually permanent in it and gave dignity and soul to a faith which still for some hundreds of years remained for the mass of their countrymen the only channel of access to the ideal. A very short time after them the inevitable schism between Reflection and Polytheism becomes apparent. It is already dismally so in their younger contemporary Euripides. From him onward we feel that we have passed the culminating point of Greek curative vigour and entered

upon the sad downward incline which always slopes from the point of severance between Faith and Thought. Henceforward Greece is divided into two classes—the philosophers who feed on abstract ideas, and the multitude who batten on the husks of an even degenerating superstition, shut off from the noblest living impulses of speculation and art.

Of Aeschylus personally we know as little as we generally do about the men of whom we would like to know the most. He was born in 525 B.C., the son of Euphorion, of Eleusis, died at Gela in Sicily in 456—retaining to the very last the vigour of his powers—for his greatest work was produced less than two years before his death. Through his family, which was noble, he was closely connected with one of the most ancient and august shrines in Attica—that of Demeter, at Eleusis. The mysterious rites of this goddess, in which a much deeper view of life and death than the common were taught to the initiated, seem to have made a powerful impression on this young receptive spirit. For Aeschylus calls himself a pupil of Demeter. His lot was cast in stirring times. As a boy he saw the overthrow of the Tyrants—the sons of Peisistratus. As a man he fought at Marathon. How he fought one can well conceive. The man whose words are half battles, who as a poet, and a well-born Athenian enjoyed superb health, a beautiful and a well-trained body must have struck a good stroke. The stern joy that warriors feel throbs nowhere more magnificently than in his play—*The Seven*—so full of Ares. The speeches of that play did find the most fitting enunciations which mere human organs could give them, for they were roared through the resonant mouthpiece of a Greek Tragic Mask by an actor who could make 30,000 hear him. But the only instrument to render adequately the crashing harmonies of their martial music would be as Carlyle says of Burns' glorious battle song—the throat of the whirlwind! One can see that Aeschylus must have enjoyed fighting in a grim way. The Persian who came his way had better have remained at Susa. Fighting ran in his blood. His brother, Kynageirus, had his hand hacked off, when after the battle like a keen dog that follows the deer even into the water, he had laid hold of a Persian Trireme by the prow, attempting to prevent the beaten enemy from escaping by sea. His other brother, Ameinias, was one of two to whom the first prize was awarded for valour at Salamis.

In some part of the amazing development which followed in the years of peace between the Persian invasion and the Peloponnesian war Aeschylus probably did not sympathise. It was with mixed feelings one judges that he saw the establishment of thorough going democracy under the statesmanship

of Pericles. He was of a noble family and doubtless attached to aristocratic traditions. Of a somewhat stern masterful nature too, a great believer in authority, nowise a likely man to possess an expansive trust in the mere instincts of the people. In his latest play, written partly for a political purpose to defend the jurisdiction of the somewhat aristocratic court of the *Aropagus*—a play which is the only political pamphlet in the world that is at the same time a work of the noblest and most ideal art—we find him emphasising certain great principles not likely to present themselves in the same solemn and imperious light to an unqualified admirer of democracy. He succeeded in his fine advocacy of the *Areopagus*. Its most sacred privilege, jurisdiction in cases of homicide, remained untouched. But shortly after he left Athens for Sicily and never came back again. He may have gone, as was common for literary men of the age, merely out of interest in the Sicilian Greeks, who also had taken a victorious part in the momentous struggle between the Hellenic and Asiatic idea. But it is no very forced interpretation to suppose that in his old age Aeschylus found things moving too fast for him, that he became uneasy in a city which seemed to him to show clear signs of being destined at no very distant date to be governed not by reverence for the best but by the mixed and capricious impulses of the crowd. "Praise neither the lawless life nor the enslaved," he had said, "by Heaven's own ordinance the middle course is best;" again, "Banish not reverence from the city altogether." At Gela, in Sicily he died, happy not in his life only but in his leaving it. For soon after the troubles began—already the clouds were gathering which in the Peloponnesian war broke out in ruin for all that was best in Greece. Aeschylus died without having experienced the misery of any feeling that could mar his Pan-Hellenic patriotism. The hard burden of hating his brethren was never laid upon him. He chose to have recorded in his epitaph, not the glory of being Athens' first great poet, which was all his own, but that honor which he shared with his fellow-citizens—of having fought for Greece at Marathon. That was a rare Roman trait of self-repression in a Greek, no more, however, than one would expect from the masculine virtue which makes strong each word of Aeschylus which remains to us.

I need scarcely point out how beyond measure fortunate Aeschylus was in his time and people. Of the forming period of his life at least it may be said unreservedly that this incalculable element of strength was vouchsafed to him, that he felt thoroughly one with his kind. The whole Athenian people emerged from the furnace and anvil of the Persian wars, welded into one united and solid mass.

The bonds between this man and the society he lived in had been drawn close by the pressure of common fears, the inspiration of common hope and victory. He could speak of great actions and great sufferings as only the man can who had done and endured great things. His life had been a noble poem before he began to write noble poems. A devout believer in the Gods, their righteousness was as clear to him as it could only be to him who had seen a few and feeble folk made strong by justice to hurl the oppressor from the throne of his pride into the dust. Like the Israelites after their deliverance the pious Athenians too had seen the arm of God. For them also the horse and his rider had been thrown into the sea.

Among the many expressions which the exuberant life of Athens at this time created for itself poetry was almost sure to be one. And no form of poetry could so fully correspond to and satisfy the restless energy which marked the Athenians then in the first flush of their vigour, as the drama, the poetry of action. It was at just such a period that our own drama arose, when England felt in herself the first stirrings of that mighty force which has made her a great nation. In Athens the external conditions were favourable and the man was there to use them. In connection with the worship of Dionysus, the genial wine God, in whose honor the people kept holiday for five or six days every spring, there had already sprung up a rude kind of dramatic performance. The hymn, accompanied with expressive and graceful movements, rendered by a carefully trained chorus, in honor of the God, had come to be varied and broken up into parts by short interludes of dialogue. In this interspersed dialogue, an answer—the word always continued to be used for an actor in Greece—at first simply replied to questions put by the leader of the chorus about the subject matter of the song—the exploits of the God. Gradually other themes than legends connected with Dionysus were introduced into the odes, till anything connected with Gods or heroes was admitted. Such was the state of things when Aeschylus began to write for the Dionysiac festival songs with interludes of dialogue. His genius converted this essentially lyrical into an essentially dramatic art, (1) by adding one actor (with the leader of the chorus, that made three, and the two actors proper could take several different parts in the course of the play); (2) by shortening the song and lengthening the dialogue, so that for all practical purposes the song now became the interlude. An enormous stone theatre was built, capable of holding 30,000 people. It was situated on the south-eastern slope of the Acropolis, the spectators having in view Ilissus and the sea, the stage facing towards the magnificent public

buildings. Above it was open to the sky. The seats were arranged in semicircular tiers, the endless rows stretching far up the hill, and cut many of them out of the solid rock. Upon them sat in bright garments, brown, white, yellow and red, with chaplets on their head in honor of the God—all Athens—the brightest, and in the time of Aeschylus, one of the most virtuous and religious peoples that this world has seen.

The preacher was worthy of his magnificent pulpit, worthy of his audience, worthy too of the noble art he created—in which all the arts, architecture, music, sculpture, painting and poetry, were harmoniously united in the service of the Gods. In the large movement of his trilogies—three plays each a unity in itself, and forming collectively one whole—extending in time always over several generations, sometimes over thousands of years—the theme which he developed always was the mighty march of the unchanging laws of Heaven, and the one object he had ever in view was to vindicate Eternal Providence and justify the ways of God to men.

The ethical view of Aeschylus is extremely simple on the whole, yet a closer examination of it reveals some elements of complexity. By far the most prominent characteristic of his plays is the Hebraic intensity with which he grasps or rather is grasped by the majesty of the Moral Law. The constant burden of his strain is just what he calls the old, old story—sin and sorrow. Here he finds the key to the destiny of heroes, men and nations. The doom of Troy is a punishment for violated hospitality. Agamemnon perishes because his hands are stained with his own child's blood, the champions against Thebes suffer for their impious boastings, the Titan Prometheus, for his rebellious self-will. Zeus himself is subject to moral law. The helmsmen of destiny are the triple Fates, even the mindful Furies, that is the Retributive powers which jealously guard the sanctity of the primal ties. Even Almighty Power has its limit, it must fall if it stumble upon the altar of Justice. That to Aeschylus is the Rock Foundation of the universe, deeper fixed than the thrones of the Gods. Rebellion against this August Law, this harmony of Zeus, is to him, as to all pious spirits, the most astounding thing in the world. How can men be so foolish as to kick against the sharp goads of the Everlasting Ordinances? Among all marvels and monsters with which earth and sea and heaven teem, most marvellous and monstrous, wilder than the tempest, more baleful than meteors, more foul than obscene birds or crawling things is the rebellious spirit of man. For a time indeed prosperity may seem to attend on crime, and men bow down to wealth as a God, yea more than a God.

But Justice despises the wealth which is stamped with the false die of counterfeit honor. She loves to dwell with the honest heart, flies with averted eyes from the palaces of the ungodly and illumines with her celestial ray the smoky cabins of the righteous poor. The doom of the wicked is not far distant. He sails with favoring gale, but ere he knows his frail bark is dashed against the sunken reef. The good man may be perplexed by the apparent security of the insolent and impious, but let him take courage. Soon with stern joy shall he behold a spectacle which makes him own the sway of Righteous law and brings back the light of day to him—the dark-veiled daughter of Zeus, Justice, unsheath her biting steel and strike home right through the lungs. Fools find sin sweet at first but the end thereof is death. Paris, lightly pursuing pleasure like a giddy boy chasing a bright-winged bird, shames the friendly board and lures away the fair wife of his host from her dainty curtained bower. He heeds not the desolation of the house he has darkened with shame and sorrow, he heeds not the mute anguish of the dishonored husband who yearns for the lost one, straining his eyes across the severing wave, whom only in dreams he sees, mocked with vain raptures and elusive visions of her vanished loveliness. The father's halls, and the sons of Priam loudly and boldly chant his unhallowed nuptial song. Fools! little did they think that she who seemed a spirit of breathless calm, the fair ornament of palaces, a soul-piercing flower of love, little did they think that that fair face would prove to them a fell Fury, a Priestess of Ruin, doomed to launch against their town a thousand ships and fire the hapless towers of Ilium. Verily the Gods are not blind to evil deeds. A reprobate and of kin to evil men is he who avers that they take no heed when mortals defile and trample under foot the grace of sacred things.

Here then is the main part of the Aeschylean formula—sin and sorrow. He definitely rejects the doctrine of the envy of the Gods. There is an old saw, he says, that men's prosperity, when once full grown, dies not childless, but breeds for his race a woe incurable. This view he explicitly denies, and sets over against it his own. Apart he holds his solitary creed that it is sin which brings forth after her own kind, evil seed from evil stock.

As little does he make man the helpless sport of destiny. Doubtless the family curse plays a great and terrible part in his dramas. He has profoundly grasped the truth that the iniquities of the fathers are visited upon the children. But never does the curse fall on any whose hands are pure. The house of Atreus is the great example and seems the sport of an evil destiny. Each successive generation

brings forth anew some monstrous birth of lust and murder most foul and most unnatural. But it is ever the perverse will that is active—frenzy and infatuate hardening of the heart. Agamemnon, for instance, falls under the curse. He is slain by his own wife and her paramour. But his death is the righteous requital of his own deeds, for he has dared an impious thing. He has slain his own daughter Iphigenia. Rather than give up his ambitious schemes he has steeled his heart to see his own child, whose clear voice so oft had rung through his halls, gracing the festal board, gagged with rude force, lifted in her white robes and laid upon the altar by the pitiless kings whom she smites with the speechless appeal of her sad eyes, gazing like some dumb pictured form of sorrow. And since from ambition he has done this thing, it is just the consummation of that ambition that brings his doom. For returning home victorious over Troy, he is snared in his bath by his own wife and Aegisthus and cut down like an ox. They too fall under the curse and receive the just recompense of their wickedness. But when a pure scion of this accursed stock appears, Orestes, a righteous man, the pupil and protégé of Apollo, the pure God of Light, the curse has no permanent power over him. He suffers pain indeed—but his end is peace. He returns in honor and reigns in the house which he has cleansed.

So simple in the main is the Aeschylean criticism of life. With unequalled power and a splendid affluence of imagery he grasps the great central facts of the moral world. But we do not hear in him as in Sophocles many strains of the still sad music of humanity. There is much more law than gospel in him. A subtle conception like Antigone is quite out of his range, a conception where it is the very nobility of the character that brings destruction. Here we are on the threshold of the divinest mysteries of pain. Faith, refused firm foothold on the earth, finds her latent wings and flies towards the fair far-off light of worlds not realized. Here we have no faint prophecy of that divine depth of self-sacrificing sorrow made known to all men in the cross of Jesus Christ. The unbending spirit of Aeschylus, engrossed in the contemplation of Majesty and Power, sympathising altogether with the principle of Authority in the Universe, had not the delicate sympathy required for so fine and inward a conception as this.

Still there is more complexity in the Aeschylean ethics than might at first sight appear. Three elements may be mentioned as constituting it.

(1) Pain is not merely penal, it may be purifying. Zeus leads men to wisdom thro' suffering. The fruit of Orestes' frenzied sorrows is a deeper peace. The Titan Prometheus, after his proud will has been

tained by ten thousand years in Tartarus, when his liver, the seat of pride, has been daily gnawed by Zeus' eagle, only for a long time to grow again, is at last unbound, clothed and in his right mind, the torturing iron fetters remain only as an iron ring to adorn him, and the weeds of penitence he wears are at the same time a crown of honor; he becomes a greatly worshipped God and has his portion in fair Colonus side by side with Athene and the Euménides.

(2) The second element of complexity in Aeschylus' treatment of the Moral Problem is one quite central in his art. There are many august principles and they may conflict. On this conflict of opposing principles depends the whole movement of the Aeschylean Trilogy. In the *Oresteia* the progress of the action essentially consists in developing and finally resolving such an opposition. Orestes is absolutely bound to avenge his father's death. If he fail, Apollo, the Revealer of Zeus, who cannot lie, has threatened him with horrors unspeakable. And yet to avenge his father he must slay his mother. He must not listen to her piercing appeal to reverence the breasts from which, a sleeping child, he drew his life. No, even at that moment he must hear the stern voice that bids him obey Apollo and think all men his enemies rather than the Gods. The deed is done. His duty to his father is fulfilled; the sacred bonds that unite him to his mother are fiercely torn. But all duty is sacred and inviolable. Even at the call of the higher the lower cannot be broken without dire consequences. Therefore, in vain Orestes tries to fight fire with fire by accumulating volcanic images to paint the loathsomeness of his mother's wickedness. He cannot stand alone against the tempest of distracting thoughts that sweep him helpless outside of his course, beyond self-mastery and calm thought. The air is thick with forms of terror visible to no eye but his. They came like Gorgons sable-stoled, their hair knotted with clustering snakes. O, King Apollo, they press around in swarms, and from their eyes dribble foul rheum of blood. He must away to seek Apollo's aid. Apollo does not fail him. He is cleansed from pollution, protected and guided to Athene's shrine, where he is to find full peace. There before a court of twelve citizens, presided over by Athene—the human conscience enlightened by divine wisdom—with Apollo to advocate his cause he is acquitted. He is saved, but as if by fire. The votes are equal. But Athene's casting vote sets him free. Henceforth the Furies have no power over him. But their rights are fully secured and all honor is done to them. Thus amply vindicated is the sanctity even of that bond which was of weaker obligation. All duty must be stamped with

inviolability, not one jot or tittle of the law shall pass away till all be fulfilled.

In the *Furies*, Aeschylus embodies a deep and characteristic thought. They are the sharp spikes of Eternal Ordinance, terrible, hideous, a consuming fire. But they are in another aspect the gracious ones. To them that fear and honour them they send up light from their dark abodes beneath the earth, soft airs to blow with sunshine over the land, tender buds unscathed by mildew, abundant flocks, happy homes. It is precisely the thought of Wordsworth in his *Ode to Duty*.

Stern Lawgiver, but thou dost wear,
The Godhead's most benignant grace,
Nor know we anything more fair,
Than is the smile upon thy face.

Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads,
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens thro' thee are fresh and strong.

The third element of complexity in Aeschylus, ethics is his deep and all-pervading sense of the mystery and sadness of human destiny. To the merit of grasping firmly the main facts of the moral world, he adds the no smaller merit of acknowledging the boundless darkness all around which his lights cannot pierce. The Gods are just, but their justice is often inscrutable. The ways of Zeus are compassed about with clouds and darkness, wrapt in shadow are the pathways of his thought, past finding out by mortals. Life is a riddle hard to read. The burden of its prayer is,—Woe, but let the good prevail. Though not a sweet expansive spirit like Sophocles and Shakespeare, but cast rather in the stern Hebraic mould and capable of hewing Agag in pieces before the Lord, still there are fountains of deep pity in this rugged heart. There is nothing in poetry more moving than the virginal charm of Iphigenia, led like a spotless lamb dumb to the slaughter; no more piercing pathos than Clytemnaestra's appeal to her son, no more exquisite sense of female loveliness than in the picture of Helen and the daughter of Danaus. What deeper note of sadness has ever been struck than this, "Ah, me for mortal life, its bliss is writ in water, its fault-lined sorrow one touch of the wet sponge wipes out." Fleeting joy, fleeting sorrow—one death to end all.

Of Aeschylus' Theology I have time to say only this, he was to all intents and purposes a Monotheist. That will not surprise you after what has been said. One who had so firm a hold on the supreme law could not be far in thought from the supreme Lawgiver.

I have said enough to justify the title I have given to Aeschylus, a Greek Preacher of Righteousness.

Enough, too, to show you, I hope, that there are other reasons why Divinity students should study Greek besides the fact that the New Testament is written in that language. The man who seeks nourishment for his spiritual nature finds inspiration in nature, life art and literature. From two literary sources the purest stimulus may be drawn, first incomparably from Israel, the heart of humanity, second from the poets of Greece, its brain.

St. Paul, a much more catholic mind than most of his followers, acknowledged that he was a debtor to the Greeks. Yes, Christianity has been a debtor to the Greeks in the past. Few have any conception to how large an amount. Greece has done much to clothe the faith of the past, but the spirit of beauty and reason she represents will have yet larger part in the faith of the future. Even from her religion there is still something for us to learn. One permanent and eminently Christian principle found a full acknowledgement there, fuller perhaps than it has received in any actual form of Christianity that has ever yet appeared. It was the principle so amply recognized and so beautifully expounded by our Lord in the parable of the leaven, the penetration of all life and all nature by religious feeling, and in particular the interpenetration of religion and art. The Greeks felt that all beauty should be religious and all religion beautiful. How little we Protestants have succeeded in rising to this conception is plain to read in the deadly respectability of our churches, the dismal ululations of our Psalmody, the crude sentimentalism of so many of our hymns—so different from the strong true tones of Israel's poets—above all in the hard unlovely type of life which has been so distressingly common amongst us. Protestantism has been a step-mother to the arts. Her very name suggests the frigid, critical, suspiciously selective, self-righteous spirit which has been her hane. Methinks we have protested too much. Let us stop protesting and begin creating. The Anti-Christ of these latter days is not the poor old Pope. Lust, rapacity, pride, unbelief, stupidity—these are our Anti-Christ, as rampant among us as anywhere in Christendom. These are the foes you must go forth to do battle with like brave young knights, girding yourselves with the whole armour of God. And, believe me, you still may find some of the most shining weapons for your warfare amid the dust and ruin in the neglected recesses of the citadel or Athene Polias.

RECENT FICTION.

Canadians are rapidly proving themselves the best makers of fiction on this continent. Parker and Roberts have won a wide public, and now that William McLennan has given us a somewhat am-

bitious effort in "Spanish John" he is being widely talked about.

In many ways "Spanish John" is the finest book yet produced by any of our writers. It is not a story in the ordinary sense of the word, but rather a memoir, as it purports to be on the title page. The interest of the reader is held from the first page to the last by the thrilling incidents that cluster around the central figure, Colonel John McDonnell, of the Regiment Irlandia. The story is auto-biographical in form, and is told with a robust pen, and has also a straightforwardness, a naturalness, a vivacity seldom found even in the cleverest novelists.

The hero should be of exceptional interest to Canadians as he spent his rigorous old age at Cornwall in Canada, and his children lived until a few years ago in our own Limestone City.

Mr. McLennan is very happy in his opening.

"Hoot!" snorted my Uncle Scotcos, with much contempt, "make a lad like that into a priest? Look at the stuff that is in him for a soldier!"

Without waiting for a reply, he roared: "Here, mogh Radhan dubh! (my little black darling), show your father how you can say your Pater-noster with a single-stick!" At which he caught up a stout rod for himself, and, throwing me a lighter one, we saluted, and at it we went hamnier and tongs.

The splendid vigour here shown, the healthy animality of mogh Radhan dubh is maintained till the end. Spanish John (Colonel McDonnell's *nom de guerre*) gives excellent opportunity for the artist. He is dauntlessly courageous, the soul of honour, and utterly lacking in humour; and the novelist never for a moment loses his grip of his character. He belongs to the Regiment Irlandia, which would seem to have been almost entirely made up of Scotchmen and especially of McDonells. Indeed the reader has some difficulty in keeping distinct the many McDonells, McDonnells and McDonalds that figure in the pages of "Spanish John." However, in a crack regiment it matters very little what the nationality of the individuals may be; it is the traditions of the corps that animate the hearts and steel the arms. The Gordon Highlanders may all have been Irishmen, but it was the traditions of hundreds of years that carried the ridge a few weeks ago.

The best piece of work in the book is the drawing of Father O'Rourke, the soldier priest. It is to be deplored that Mr. McLennan saw fit to kill him, as he would have made an excellent figure in another novel or two, but if he should appear again he will never have the same interest as he had in "Spanish John."

It is interesting to note (and this matter I have dealt with elsewhere at some length) that Colonel

McDonnell wrote a biographical sketch of his own life shortly before his death, and that this appeared in the April and May numbers of the *Canadian Magazine*, published in Montreal in 1825. Mr. McLennan has made astonishing use of these articles. His book most decidedly needed a preface. He has taken whole pages *verbatim* from the sketch, but he has arranged the incidents and added characters and omitted characters with the skill of a consummate artist. But the use that he has made of this out-of-the-way sketch, without acknowledgment, cannot but be a blot to his career as a novelist.

It is often said that the world is growing weary of the historical novel and that in a decade or so it will no longer be read. But historical novels continue to be published and to be read. The latest one to come to hand is "The Pride of Jennico," by Agnes and Egerton Castle and a finely done piece of work it is. It has everything that goes to the making of a good book—a subtle plot, teeming with surprises, strong characterization, and abundant incident. It purports to be the memoir of Captain Basil Jennico, a young Englishman serving in his Royal and Imperial Majesty's Chevan-Legers, who was suddenly transformed, from an obscure Rittmeister with little more worldly goods than his pay, into one of the richest land-owners in the broad Empire, the master of an historic castle on the Bohemian Marches.

Jennico has one weakness, a pride in his pedigree, and the authors have handled this with a strength and humour that adds a thought-interest to the romance and the incidents. But a book such as this can best speak for itself. The noble wife of the hero addresses him in the following wise words: "Come, Basil, come, rise above this failing which is so unworthy of you. Throw that musty old pedigree away before it eats all the manliness out of your life, what does it mean but that you can trace your family up to a greater number of probable rascals, hard and selfish old men, than another? Be proud of yourself for what you are; be proud of your forefathers, indeed, if they have done fine deeds of valor, or virtue; but this cant about birth for birth's sake, about the superiority of aristocracy as aristocracy—what does it amount to? It is to me the most foolish of superstitions. Was that old man," she asked, pointing to my uncle, who frowned upon her murderously—"was that old man a better man than his heiduck Janos? Was he a better servant to his master? Was he more honest in his dealings? Shrewder in his counsel? I tell you I honour Janos as much as I would have honoured him. I tell you that if I love you, I love you for

what you are, not because you descended from some ignorant savage king, not because you can boast that the blood of the worst of men and sovereigns, the most profligate, the most treacherous, the most faithless, Charles Stuart, runs in your veins—I hope, sir, as little of it as possible."

* * *

"David Lyall's Love Story" is an evidence of how readily Scotch character lends itself to pathos. Despite the fact the "The Bonnie Briar Bush" is still fresh in the minds of the public this new study of Scotch life will have an enthusiastic welcome. It is largely a study of the Scot in London and ably depicts the struggle the provincial must ever have when he casts himself loose on the great sea of metropolitan life. The real hero of the book is Robert Wardrop, the editor of *St. George's Gazette*, a kind of editorial Dr. McClure. But the whole book is well done and the love-story of David and Euphau (it is hard to understand why the novelist should have selected such a name for his heroine) gives unity to the different incidents that makes up the chapters of this romance.

T. G. M.

"Spanish John." By William McLennan. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

"The Pride of Jennico." By Agnes & Egerton Castle. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

"David Lyall's Love Story." By the Author of "The Land o' the Leal." Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

"Weeping Ferry." By Margaret L. Woods. London: Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

DIVINITY NOTES.

We have lately been listening to a course of lectures on the "History of Christian Doctrine," by Rev. R. Laird, M.A. Mr. Laird is a graduate of the class of '93 and former editor of the *JOURNAL*. That we are pleased to have him with us again in the capacity of lecturer goes without saying. But he further commends himself to us by his clear and vigorous treatment of the subject which he has taken up. He has evidently not been resting on his oars since leaving college but has been keeping up with the thought of the day. Knowing his subject and knowing how to express it he possesses the essential qualities of a successful lecturer.

Examinations do not seem to be very popular in the Hall this year. A large turn-out is assured when they are sprung on us without previous announcement but the results have been far from satisfactory and a grave problem is now hanging over the class, propounded by the Principal the day after Exam. Who has solved it?

YEAR MEETINGS.

'98.

It is with regret that the last meeting of the class of '98 has to be recorded, and the volume of its history closed. The eventful meeting took place on Monday, March 21st, in the Junior Philosophy room. All business matters were settled, the most important of which was the report of the Photograph Committee, which gave the number of members in the year group as 102, and also stated that all the university buildings would be included in the picture. Although a late time to make a change in the constitution, yet this was done, and ten members, instead of fifteen, made to constitute a quorum. This arose from the difficulty of getting members to attend special meetings, and is intended to serve as a model for future classes.

The Historian, H. B. Munro, gave the concluding part of his volume, and in closing quoted from Tennyson:—

Old year you must not go:
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go

Shake hands before you die,
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

W. A. Fraser, the patriotic poet of the year, gave a poem on "Aristotle's Conception of Virtue," which was warmly received.

A vote of thanks were tendered to the officers for their untiring efforts on behalf of the class. The meeting closed with the sing of "An'd Lang Syne" and the national anthem.

TENNIS.

Those who have been endeavoring to have a lawn tennis club formed and also to have the club placed on a permanent legal basis, under the auspices of the A.M.S. may, at times, have been doubtful as to the success of their undertaking. They may have wished to know what the result of their work would in all probability be, and since they did not, as did Shakespeare's Banquo, have any supernatural power of whom they could command, as did Banquo,

"**N**ow you can look into the seeds of time
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak!"—

they have felt discouraged.

Yet they are not without a revelation. The oracle of the Junior Year has spoken. Thus and thus speaks the mighty Cassandra as she gazes into the veiled future: "A number of well-kept tennis courts give the ladies out-door exercise and tennis tournaments are of frequent occurrence." There is nothing ambiguous in that prophetic utterance. Truly there is evolution in all things.

In the light of this encouragement we would say to those engaged in the formation of a tennis club that success is assured them. The A.M.S. has already declared that the club, as now organized, is *legally* organized and that nothing now remains to be done but to introduce the club to the A.M.S. in the *regular* way at the next *regular* meeting.

The club should be a success for several reasons. The exercise afforded is suited to both sexes. It is a physical training which adds grace of muscle and movement and will help, to some degree, to counteract the lop-sided development of Rugby and Association football. The exercise is suited to many who are not physically strong enough, and brave enough, to play Rugby, and last, but not least, we have an energetic enthusiastic executive and a pushing athletic committee.

College opens for the fall term on Sept. 26th, 1898. Let every woman, and all the men who feel so inclined, come to College at that early date provided with a racket and with a determination to make good use of the splendid exercise offered by the tennis club.

LEVANA SOCIETY.

Owing, I suppose, to the stress of work caused by the impending exams., it was almost impossible to gather together, on Wednesday, sufficient girls to form a quorum. At last by the aid of two or three redoubtable scouts the stragglers were coaxed from their corners of retreat and the nomination of officers for the ensuing year was proceeded with. After the nominations were closed, Dr. Drennan read an instructive paper on health. It was addressed specially to the girls of Queen's and gave valuable hints on dress, hours of study, recreation, &c., and all given with such true womanly earnestness that every girl felt the better for having heard her speak. Her talk was especially applicable to the coming four weeks of hard study.

The next meeting will probably close the Levana session for 97-8.

CONVOCATION TO CONFER DEGREES IN MEDICINE.

This Session a departure is being made from the practice hitherto pursued at Queen's. A special Convocation will be held on the evening of Thursday, April 7th, for the purpose of conferring degrees upon the graduates in medicine. This plan has been adopted so that the graduates in medicine who finish their examinations in March will not be compelled to wait until near the end of April. It is hoped also that by this means more of the graduates will be present and receive their degrees in person.

At this Convocation the Chancellor will be installed for the seventh successive term and his portrait unveiled and presented to the University. The honorary degree of LL.D. will be conferred upon a distinguished medical graduate of Queen's who will be present and deliver an address. We bespeak for this new departure a marked success, and we are confident it will be gladly welcomed by those most interested—the graduates in medicine.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

A very instructive and interesting meeting of the Y. M. C. A. was held on Friday, March 11th, when the reports of the delegates to the Cleveland Convention were given.

Mr. Byrnes, one of the delegates sent by the Association, was unavoidably absent. Mr. Nugent, the other delegate, gave a very interesting and impressive report, special stress being laid upon Medical Missionary work, the effectiveness of which as a means of foreign work he seemed to have received fresh conviction. Mr. Fraser, who also visited the convention, gave a brief and pointed account of the various meetings and a summary of the more important addresses.

On March 18th a paper was given in the Y. M. C. A. by A. K. Scott on the "Sin of Omission," based on James iv: 17, "To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not to him it is sin." The leader dwelt with special emphasis on the importance of doing as we know how and of keeping our faith and works commensurate with our knowledge. The excellent discussion which followed took rather the line of trying to account for the inconsistency that appears to exist between the knowing and the doing.

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De Robis Robilibus.

ACCORDING to a Galt paper the following specimen of mixed metaphor was perpetrated by a speaker in the late Provincial contest:—"The federal power is the controlling force of the Local Administration, it is the motive power on the ship of state, and the Provincial Government is only a donkey-engine on deck. But if our public affairs are to be dominated by a donkey-engine we shall yet feel its foot upon our necks; we shall see its dark wings spread over the land; for it will stalk forth hand-in-hand with the federal power at Ottawa and they both will fatten upon the industries of our Province!" This reminds us of things we used to hear in the hey-day of the mock parliament.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

Cram, boys, cram.—Everybody.

Is the British mail in yet?—L. H.-l.-nd.

I am escaped with the skin of my teeth.—Third year divinites.

Look out for the dogs?—Prof. Ross.

McQ.—I'm walking on Barrie Street with young lady, and passing vacant house with "To Let" in window.

Young lady—"Don't you think you had better rent this house?"

McQ.—I'm (abashed)—"Why, I—I—I guess not yet a-while."

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